

### The Splendor of Venus Increasing.

THE splendor of Venus is increasing every evening now, as she moves away from the sun, setting later every night. She will attain her greatest apparent distance from the sun at the end of the month and will then swing in toward the earth, becoming brighter still as she approaches.

## The Fatal Ring

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

The High Priestess Takes a Hand and Demands That Carslake Surrender the Diamond.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film  
Pearl Standish ..... PEARL WHITE  
Richard Carslake ..... Warner Oland  
The High Priestess ..... Ruby Hoffman  
Tom Carleton ..... Henry Gsell

Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring."

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 19.

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"I HAVEN'T the diamond. I thought I had it, but it was only the top of a hatpin that I had. I mistook it for the diamond in the dark. I don't know whether Pearl got it or whether it's still lying somewhere in that room where the big fight occurred."

"Lying to me is poor sport—dangerous sport, Carslake," said the "Spider" warningly. "You've played many a risky game for high stakes, I know, but this time it's your handsome face and your sight and your sense of smell that you are risking. I'd advise you to go carefully. You are still young and life may hold much in store for you."

#### The Truth for Once.

"I tell you I haven't got the diamond. I'm giving this to you straight. Believe me or not, as you please."

The "Spider" started menacingly toward him with the pistol poised for instant action.

"I'm telling you the truth, I tell you," shouted Carslake shrinking back in terror and trying to hide his face with trembling hands. His panic was not assumed. No words ever rang truer.

The "Spider" paused. "I believe you are really telling the truth," he observed curiously. "This is really unprecedented."

He shook his head. "Turn your face to the wall and don't move until I give you leave. If you turn before I tell you—look out!"

Carslake needed no further instructions. He obeyed without question, hiding his face in the corner like a bad child.

And the "Spider," chucking softly to himself, calmly rearranged his disguise, tucked away his vitriolic pistol and passed out, closing the room door behind him.

In the hallway he stood aside to let a woman and two men pass him, and as they passed he chuckled once again.

It was the High Priestess and her two most faithful followers. He recognized them in spite of the fact that they were wearing American clothes.

Hearing the door slam behind the "Spider," Carslake turned to dash after him, but as he reached the door he stopped, finding himself

face to face with the Arabs. They had passed themselves off as detectives to Mrs. O'Rourke at the door and had obtained entrance without difficulty. Now they confronted him with drawn revolvers. "Retire!" commanded the foremost one, grimly.

Carslake backed off. They advanced, locking the door behind them and keeping him covered with their guns.

"Draw down the blinds," ordered the Priestess, quietly.

"What for?" gasped Carslake. No one answered him, but the command was swiftly obeyed. The room was now in semi-darkness. Carslake was frowning uneasily. The Arabs remained grimly impassive.

An Ultimatum.

"Now, Carslake," began the High Priestess, slowly, "we have reached the end of our patience. You have balked us at every turn. You have made every effort to circumvent us. You have dared to set your will over against ours. You have thrown our plans in jeopardy. You have irritated and annoyed and delayed us. Punishment for these things has long been due you. Tonight is the night of reckoning. Try us no further lest we deal brutally with you in the name of our sacred Order—but return to us swiftly the violet diamond and the setting in which it rightfully belongs."

Carslake shook his head wearily and smiled.

"For the love of your silly, grinning Violet God, go away," he begged. "I have neither stone nor setting. The old lady you have just passed in the hall was the 'Spider'—King of the Underworld. He has the setting. Pearl Standish probably has the diamond! Go and bother them!"

"I saw an old woman in the hall," cried one of the Arabs. "Shall I pursue her, Highness, and prove whether or not she speaks truth?"

#### An Order to Shoot.

"No, wait! Search this room! Search thoroughly while your brother keeps him covered. If he so much as moves an eye shoot him down!"

"Gladly, Highness," assented the other Arab.

Carslake did not move an eye while the search progressed. Swiftly the room was rifled, until there remained no space large enough to conceal the gem.

"It is not here, Highness," reported the Arab, then.

"He has spoken truth, then," said the Priestess. "We will recover the stone from Pearl Standish. But before we go from this room, we will eliminate forever this man who has been a thorn in our side. No further shall he be permitted to go. No longer shall he be permitted to interfere in our plans. Seize him. Place him upon his bed. Apply the sleeping drug."

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

You Will Find "The Vampire" a Grinning Serial—Don't Miss It

## Magazine Page

### "Sister Susie"

By NELL BRINKLEY.

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WITH the best heart in the world, "good as bread," Susette knits "like lightning," a sweater for "Sammy" in France, so loosely put together, and so much too big, that I think he is going to rub down his pet horse with it when it comes; and while she knits "like lightning" in the kitchen, her Parkerhouse rolls burn with a nice heavy black smoke and the butterbuns on top of the range along with them! And the men of her family smile and love her just the same, and know that she will be learning after a bit. Do you know, you little girls who are knit-

ting so proud and so "fast," everywhere you go—when you have a guest to tea and should look them in the eye—when you are climbing a curb and knocking the skin off your new shoes that your Daddy must pay always more than ten dollars for now—do you know, little ardent knitter, that you are knitting things that the Red Cross must take all out again when they come in their Christmas box, and put away with gratitude and laughter, but cannot wear? Did you know? Oh, knit Susette. But do it well, as well as your Gran'mother did—if you really want to do your bit.

NELL BRINKLEY.

### When Pizzaro Became Inca.

AFTER an arduous march the great Spanish captain Pizzaro set himself up at Cuzco November 15, 1533, as Inca. The story of his looting of the Kingdom of Peru is one of the terrible romances of history, only rivalled by the exploits of his fellow countryman Cortez.

## Why Am I Not Liked?

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER

Beatrice Fairfax Tells the Story of Gloria and Leaves You to Draw the Moral.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

"WHY don't people like me? I see girls not half as pretty as I am going to theatres and dances with boys I know but who never invite me out. When I go to parties, nobody ever asks to bring me home. I have no girl chums and sometimes I think that if I didn't keep going to see them and telephoning them, the girls I know would just drop me."

"I'm good-looking and quite talented. I come from a fine family and dress well. I know all about music and writing. I play and sing and compose verses. I am more interesting than the average girl and so sometimes, imagine they are jealous of me, and keep away from me so they won't have to invite me to their parties and lose their boy friends to me."

"When I go out on the streets, strange men look at me with great admiration and once or twice I have yielded to the temptation to speak to them, but nothing comes of that, for though they are very respectful and pleasant, they seem to lose interest. In fact, even if I have friends, I don't seem able to hold them, while far less attractive girls than I am are popular and have splendid times. There seems to be a conspiracy against me and I get quite disgusted with people for their jealous, selfish, unkind ways. Can you tell me how I can make the people I meet treat me better?" writes Gloria.

Yes—right off the reel! I don't give snap judgments or try to be clever at the expense of my correspondents. But in Gloria's case there is an irresistible temptation to dismiss the whole subject with a wave of the hand and a simple adjuration: "Make other people treat you better by not treating yourself quite so well!" But the Gloria of the world will be incapable of understanding that. So let us illuminate our text a bit.

The girl who wonders resentfully why people don't like her, doesn't dream that the real reason is likely to lie in the fact that she likes herself so very well! There isn't any necessity for other people to add to the amount of affection that shall be bestowed on her since she dowers herself so completely.

#### The Probable Faults.

These are likely to be the faults of the type of girl who writes me: A tendency to talk too much about herself, her work and her talents, that is, to be a bore. An inclination to feel superior and as if liking were hers by right and not a thing which has to be earned—that is actually annoying. A fashion of relating long anecdotes of which she herself is the charming heroine—that, forsooth, is wearying, aggravating and actually painful.

The Gloria of this world fall utterly in tact—they never get outside of themselves to study the effect they have on other people. They never try to figure out the cause of that effect. They just sum up the world as a selfish, self-centred, jealous place where real charm fails

of appreciation and character does not win its just deserts.

The last person in the world to suspect that he is a bore is of course the bore himself! Suppose you do play and sing—will you come into a group of people whose one interest may be the theatre or painting or writing and insist that they swing their interests around to yours? Will you foist the story you have just heard on a public which doesn't want to stop and listen to stories? Will you monopolize the conversation or try to direct it into channels of which you know nothing? Then at once you are a bore. Will you want to be a social leader when the people around you have no desire to be led? Do you insist on playing your cute little tricks or having your fellow guests pay tribute to your success and charm and cleverness? Then indeed you are a bore.

Suppose everybody in a certain social group were to try to be that group's centre; how can you figure out the geometrical relationships of twenty people not one of whom would help make up the circumference of a circle? You can't have a circle without circumference, and you can't talk to an admiring audience composed entirely of yourself when everybody else is bent on doing the same thing.

#### One Little Instance.

I knew a little Gloria of my own. She came to a dinner of a dozen people one night last Winter. At 7:30 she began relating the story of an adventure which had befallen her. It was a commonplace, stupid, everyday incident she wanted to tell. And she invested it with an air of intrigue, of cheap melodrama, and uncomfortable suggestiveness. At first people were nervous and irritable; they didn't want to listen. Then they all became actively intolerant. Several people attempted to change the conversation. She was interrupted—temporarily—side-tracked; but, with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, she would turn presently to the attack. She had something to tell and she proposed to tell it.

At 8:30 she was still struggling for the centre of the stage. She was laughing at, gently ridiculing and finally made almost the butt of general teasing. But she persisted. By 9 she had settled down firmly to relating her adventure. The end of the dinner saw her insisting that her fellow guests listen to her perfectly startling experience. Ten o'clock saw her still sticking firmly to her intentions, and for half an hour after dinner a group of irritated, annoyed and thoroughly bored people were forced to sit in silence while a self-centered woman made a fool of herself. Of course, she thought she was being entertaining and clever and charming and a real addition to the party—the life of the party, in fact.

Have I been cross with you, Gloria? I forgive me. I had to. You needed a shaking up. The girl who insists that she is attractive and interesting and that liking is due her, forgets a great maxim of all affection: "To have a friend, you must first be one." What you give freely to the world, not what you fancy it owes you, sets a real value on you as a lovely and lovable individual.

## War Time Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine:

All measurements are level, standard half-pint measuring cups, tablespoons and teaspoons being used. Sixteen level tablespoons equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

Food values are measured in terms of heat. The unit of measurement is the calory. The child and the sedentary worker require fewer calories than the grown person and the one at hard or even moderate labor. The child under two requires 1050 calories a day; from two to five, 1400; from six to nine, 1750; from ten to twelve, 2100; from here the requirements rise rapidly to 4200 calories a day for the man at hard labor, though the average is around 2800 for the boy and girl under twenty and the man or woman who is fairly active. Give your family enough, but not too much. The calory values given with each recipe printed will enable you to plan menus that are right.

Lemon Butter 1,233 Calories

Three egg yolks, 1 egg white, juice 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 teaspoonful each vanilla and lemon extract. 1 cupful sugar.

Beat the egg yolks and white with the sugar till light; add the butter and lemon juice, cook over hot water till thick, flavor, and cool. This may be used as a cake or sandwich filling.

Farina Spoon 1,120 Calories

Two cupfuls cooked farina, 2 eggs, 1 cupful milk, 1 cupful white cornmeal, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1/2 teaspoonful salt.

Mix farina, well beaten egg yolks and milk. Add corn meal, baking powder and salt sifted together and beat well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into a well buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes and serve with a spoon in the same dish. If the farina has not been previously salted, more salt should be added.

Pumpkin Pone 1,420 Calories

One pint white cornmeal, 1 pint stewed pumpkin, 1 teaspoonful salt and 1-3 cup sugar.

Put pumpkin through a sieve and mix with it all the other ingredients, being careful to blend them well. Make in pones or cakes the shape of the hand about half an inch thick. Place in a well-greased pan. Bake in a quick oven till brown—about thirty minutes. Serve very hot, with plenty of butter. Canned pumpkin may be used.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

### An Important Question.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am invited to the wedding reception of a business associate. Should not my wife have been included, although he is not acquainted with her? Under the circumstances would one accept? I would not care to go without her.

X. Y. Z.

THE wedding invitation should have been addressed, "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith." Since you are merely acquaintances and have been invited only to the reception, there is no need for you to send a gift. A telegram on the day of the wedding would be in order—or you may merely write a note of congratulation. If you want to send a gift, a bit of silver, crystal or china—an attractively framed picture, such as you may find in any reputable art store, or a book, will do nicely. Unless the invitation reads, "Kindly respond," or "R. S. V. P.," no acknowledgment is necessary. If you do send either a regret or acceptance, they should follow the wording of the invitation and read something like this: "Mrs. John Smith thanks Mr. and Mrs. Ames Brown for their invitation to the wedding reception of their daughter, Alice, and Mr.

Thomas Green. Mr. Smith finds great pleasure in accepting," or "Mr. Smith regrets very much that he cannot be present." Of course, you will not go if you feel that your wife was slighted, and even if you feel that omitting her was an oversight, the best procedure is to send your regrets and follow them by a telegram of congratulation on the day of the reception. This is the last question of etiquette I shall undertake to answer. My column is, as I beg my readers to remember, "Advice to the Lovelorn"—not "Advice to the Socially Ambitious."

### Escorts and Public Dances.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I and about nine of my girl friends, aged seventeen to eighteen, would like to participate in a moving picture ball.

Since none of us expect to be accompanied by a gentleman partner I would ask you to kindly inform me whether it will be proper to go to the said ball unaccompanied. JHAN.

GIRLS of your age must not attend any public dance without escort unless you are properly chaperoned by an older woman or a married couple. It isn't dignified and it won't do. After all, you are not planning to dance with each other and you are probably counting on chance acquaintances to give you a good time. That is a dangerous plan. Don't put it into action.

## DRACULA, or The Vampire By Bram Stoker

PART ONE—(Continued)

It was half-past 2 o'clock when the knock came. I took my courage and opened the door. He took it and said tenderly:—

"Oh, Madam Mina, I knew that the friend of that poor Lily girl must be good, but I had yet to learn—" He finished his speech with a courtly bow. I asked him what it was that he wanted to see me about, so he at once began:

"I have read your letters to Miss Lucy. Forgive me, but I had to begin to inquire somewhere, and there was none to ask. I know that you were with her at Whitby. She sometimes kept a diary—you need not look surprised, Madam Mina! It was begun after you had left, and was made in imitation of you—and in that diary she traces by inference certain things to a sleep-walking in which she puts down that you saved her. In great perplexity then I come to you, and ask you out of your so much kindness to tell me all of it that you remember."

"I can tell you, I think, Dr. Van Helsing, all about it." "Ah, then you have good memory for facts, for details? It is not all ways so with young ladies."

"No, doctor, but I wrote it all down at the time. I can show it to you if you like."

"Oh, Madam Mina, I will be grateful; you will do me much favor." I could not resist the temptation of mystifying him a bit—I suppose it is

ter claim on me than that you were a friend and helper of Lucy Westenra. And I held out my hand. He took it and said tenderly:—

"Oh, Madam Mina, I knew that the friend of that poor Lily girl must be good, but I had yet to learn—" He finished his speech with a courtly bow. I asked him what it was that he wanted to see me about, so he at once began:

"I have read your letters to Miss Lucy. Forgive me, but I had to begin to inquire somewhere, and there was none to ask. I know that you were with her at Whitby. She sometimes kept a diary—you need not look surprised, Madam Mina! It was begun after you had left, and was made in imitation of you—and in that diary she traces by inference certain things to a sleep-walking in which she puts down that you saved her. In great perplexity then I come to you, and ask you out of your so much kindness to tell me all of it that you remember."

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"No, doctor, but I wrote it all down at the time. I can show it to you if you like."

"Oh, Madam Mina, I will be grateful; you will do me much favor." I could not resist the temptation of mystifying him a bit—I suppose it is

some of the taste of the original apple that remains still in our mouths—so I handed him the shorthand diary. He took it with a grateful bow, and said:

"May I read it?" "If you wish," I answered, as demurely as I could. He opened it, and for an instant his face fell. Then he stood up and bowed.

"Oh, you so clever woman!" he said. "I long knew that Mr. Jonathan was a man of much thankfulness; but see, his wife have all the good things. And will you not so much honor me and so help me as to read it for me? Alas! I know not the shorthand." By this time my little poke was over, and I was almost ashamed; so I took the typewritten copy from my work basket and handed it to him.

FORGIVENESS FOR SOLICITOUSNESS.

"Forgive me," I said; "I could not help it but I had been thinking that it was of dear Lucy that you wished to ask, and so that you might not have to wait—not on my account, but because I know your time must be precious—I have written it out on the typewriter for you."

"He took it and his eyes glistened. 'You are so good,' he said. 'And may I read it now? I may want to ask you some things when I have read it.' 'By all means,' I said, 'read it over while I order lunch; and then you can ask me questions whilst we

eat.' He bowed and settled himself in a chair with his back to the light, and became absorbed in the papers, while I went to see after lunch, chiefly in order that he might not be disturbed. When I came back I found him walking hurriedly up and down the room, his face all ablaze with excitement. He rushed up to me and took me by both hands.

VAN Helsing DELIGHTED BY CONTENTS OF DIARY.

"Oh, Madam Mina," he said, "how can I say what I owe to you? This paper is as sunshine. It opens the gate to me. I am dazed, I am dazzled, with so much light; and yet clouds roll in behind the light every time. But that you do not, cannot, comprehend. Oh, but I am grateful to you, you so clever woman. Madam!" he said, this very solemnly—"If ever Abraham Van Helsing can do anything for you or yours, I trust you will let me know. It will be pleasure and delight if I may serve you as a friend; as a friend, but all I have ever learned, all I can ever do, shall be for you and those you love. There are darknesses in life, and there are lights; you are one of the lights. You will have happy life and good life, and your husband will be blessed in you."

"But, doctor, you praise me too much, and—and you do not know me."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow) (Copyrighted)